1985

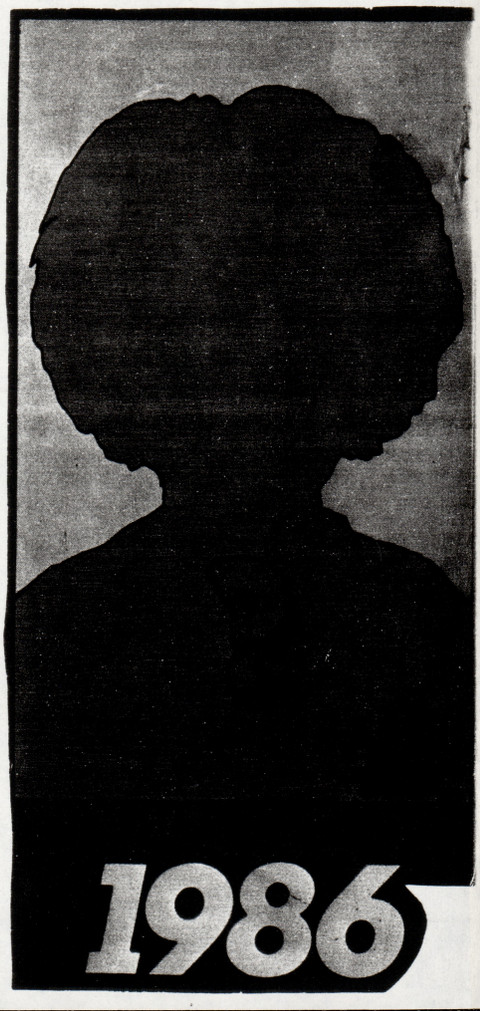
Fake Diskurs

A Talk Fakes Biggi Schulze

Somewhere in the north-german countryside loneliness Biggi Schulze lives. Out in this desert, outside of all timely trends in pop-music Biggi creates his songs, leaving his homeland only for a few gigs he does occasionally with some musicans attending him. They are just the talentest of his friends and the only ones who know the smell of atmosphere in Biggis small studio. Holger Schmidt on keyboard is importanst of them. Even there can't be many influences of actuel independant-music in Fake Diskurs - the way Biggi acts on stage and the way he uses his voice cause some associations, for example to Mark E. Smith or to "Die Krupps" and there's allways a prize of jazz in it, depending on Biggis excellent drumming. But in fact it's Fake Diskurs, a conversation by walking on long legs.

Biggi Schulze Fakes A Talk

Still the riff is continuing, we are loosing ourselves further, keep on further, further and further, deeper and deeper in the monotonous building of this stalactite cavern-like creation in music.
The singer takes the effect of a Mohammedan mosque-bawler, but his sound is more clear, we understand him after a while. He is telling of his confused will, of crushed souls, lost in opaque acting, he's telling of the secret knowledge of our social relationships' agony, of morbid altruism which ends in psychic masochism.
Suddenly he stops - something new is going on. We hear a guitar played by someone who suffers on an overdose of fateful gum-eagle-hormones and who can express it on his instrument with harmonized sound. ← „a"
Some time when the mosque-bawler has called the evening everything disappears in a downright ultra-nirvanaish fade-out. FAKE OUT, FAKE IN , FAKE ON YOU, BROTHER, IF YOU LET IT ESCAPE.



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